Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſador,
With what regard he heard his Embaſſage,
How well ſupplied with aged Counſellors,
And how his reſolution anſwer'd him,
You then would ſay, that *Harry* was not wilde.
King. Well, thinke we *Harry* ſtrong,
And ſtrongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
Con. My Lord, heere is an Ambaſſador
From the King of England.
King. Bid him come in.
You ſee this chaſe is hotly followed, Lords.
Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this Engliſh ſhort,
Selfe-loue my Liege is not ſo vile a thing
As ſelfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother of England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maieſty;
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deueſt your ſelfe, and lay apart
That borrowed title, which by gift of heauen,
Of law, of nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the Crowne
And all wide ſtretched titles that belongs
Vnto the crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vaniſht daies
Nor from the duſt of old oblition racke,
He ſends you theſe moſt memorable lines,
In euery branch truely demonſtrated:
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his moſt famed and famous Anceſtors,
Edward the third; he bids you then reſigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true Challenger.

King. If not, what followes?
Exe. Bloody cõſtraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempeſt is he comming
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ione*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widows teares
The orphants cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maidens grones,
For husbands, fathers, and diſtreſſed louers,
Which ſhall be ſwallowed in this controuerſie.
This is his claime, his threatning, & my meſſage
Vnleſſe the Dolphin be in preſence heere,
To whom expreſly we bring greeting too.
Dol. For the Dolphin? I ſtand here for him,
What to heare from England.
Exe. Scorn & defiance, ſlight regard, contempt
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at:
Thus ſaith my King. Vnles your fathers highne
Sweeten the bitter mocke you ſent his Maieſty,
Hee'l call you to ſo loud an anſwer for it,
That Caues and wombly Vaults of *France*
Shall chide your treſpaſſe, & returne your mock
In ſecond accent of his Ordenance.
Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is againſt my will:
For I deſire nothing ſo much,
As oddes with England.
And for that cauſe, according to his youth,
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balles.
Exe. Hee'l make your *Paris* Louer ſhake for i
Were it the Miſtreſſe Court of mighty *Europe*.
And be aſſured, you'l finde a difference,
As we his ſubiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene his yonger daies, and theſe he muſter